A CHINA SHEPHERDESS

THE brilliant hues of the dancers' against a pedestal of Russian London. Greek or not, she was the any longer," he says, with a soft, kett, but he said gravely that she And suddenly a voice—the one dresses, vari-colored as the porphyry, and criticises his fellow regnant idol of a fast set, and Hal- sentimental smile; "you are such a knew that he must go, and why. voice that had power to stir her heart feathers of a flock of African creatures from behind the barrier of kett Cameron had helped to forge perfect little china shepherdess that Because he would never tell the -sounded close by. Halkett stood parrots, are reflected from the great shining mirrors, and swim over the surface of the polished parquet. Day. He is the terror of mothers who own And she smiles, a slow, sweet you fragile little piece of Sevres." light has not yet come peeping portionless daughters; the secret smile, as she passes her lover. The through the blinds to show up the unreality, the tawdriness of the scene. Everything is gold, or as good as gold, that glitters just now, and by centuries of accumulated debts- card for the next dance. And in the Halkett lazily, "or if the niche that Marie Stuart's bronze-powdered locks, of which last he has a good many of meanwhile where is Lady Lucy? black velvet and Roman pearls command as many adorers as her fair. frail prototype ever owned upon those gala nights at Holyrood. Heavens! he sold a set of diamonds only last the poor little soul. She looks less life," Halkett goes on, wondering at oh! you know it." what a jumble of periods! what an month that were returned to him- plain to-night than she has ever his own eloquence, "to preserve the olla podrida of nations! what a ming- what an ass that little husband of looked. Her drab-colored hair is treasure that is to make some richer ne pity. He kissed her cheek and ling of nursery myths with historical the Highflyer's is!- and his pet hidden under snowy powder; her in- man happy one of these days." legends does a fancy ball present steeplechaser fell into the hands of visible eyebrows are stippled up art. Lady Lucy folds her little hands There is Queen Boadicea, with long one of the tribe of Israel only last fully with Indian ink. Her sallow in her lap, and wonders demurely shepherdess seemed. This great good red hair and golden torque, dancing week. Society does not know this, little cheeks have a glow of artificial whether she is on earth or in heaven. had come to her that, in spite of her with Mynheer Von Dunk. Princess however, and shall not while Halkett rose upon them, her insignificant The delectable voice goes on: Pocahontas curvets it merrily with a can prevent it. For as long as a little figure is made pretty by pannier troubadour of the Middle Ages. The man belongs to the best regiment and sacque. Diamonds glitter all pray. Let us sit it out here together. the charge of another and—went to and expect her to receive the news Hungarian band alternately moans and is a member of the best club over her, from the handle of her it is a harder struggle than even I and clashes out a value of the ultra- and moves in the best circles and ribboned crook to the insteps of her anticipated to part from you so pathetic, stormlly passionate, Anglo- owes to the best tailor and is dunned neat little feet, from her gay soon." Teutonic type, whilst the dancers dis- by the best cigar merchant, he may stomacher to the topmost puff of her port themselves cleverly or clumsily; be as poor as Job, but society will powdered head. Lady Lucy Firkin, frightened eyes upon the god of her literary man, whom society did not shine a Brazilian emerald. And you the young men who "don't dance, hardly be persuaded that he is on only daughter and sole helress of the idolatry. don't you know," and the old ones, the verge of insolvency until the great butter merchant who was made "Yes, I am going away," says Halwhose saltatory days are over, support the dado with their shoulders or be very much shocked. iounge upon the landing, and the wallflowers sit in neat, ungathered Halkett, biting his yellow moustache, she is small and insignificant and of life. I was content to drift along rows and try to look happy-poor "that something has got to be done, plain. Let her be put into the scale with the tide, unthinking and unquietly by myself," said Lady Lucy and here is an obliging little soul "Mary Mary," whose silver bells or I shall go under. My name and with a round dozen of professional heeding, until—may I say it?—until have rung to no purpose as yet; poor my set and my-hang it-my good beauties, and their unmarketable it dawned upon me that I was play-wide open and shining. She looked to part with most of it for a few "Little Miss Muffet," who would give looks have floated me up to this, but her two pink ears if a monstrous they won't much longer. If I can't her more solid charms, great spider of the black-legged, white-bosomed, human order would sell myself, by Jove! Ah! there's Halkett Cameron's arm, and they can work; and one day, perhaps, I said John Cameron, "and until I come heart I had I laid at your feet, and

gilt chair?

preliminary to engaging her for the

much more desolate than a wall-

aged fair ones are revolving whilst

breakable bonds of Propriety to a

very handsome, and he knows it. chariot-willingly enough. prietors of flirting wives. He is next him, her strange yellow eyes burn china is easy to replace." heir to a fine old title and a noble into his blue ones in one brief old property, most nobly encumbered glance. His name is down upon her kind in the whole world," answers fondly-well!

raise money any other way I must And she puts her small hand on But I have health and strength; I some she looks!"

next dance. Dear me! why does a Lady Banksia Rose nodded to him wallflower in fancy dress look so across her partner's shoulder as she seats her in an Eden-like bower of flower in ordinary evening costume? and tall. She was lithe and leopard- she knows is coming. For the past And why is it that so many middle- like, and tawny of skin and felinely month she has expected it. Halkett I shall carry her image in my heart, youth and beauty and freshness sits spots to be perfect," some sneering. He has almost persuaded the plain. Lucy?"

know him?-had said that she was christened her, that she has inspired away!" So muses Halkett Cameron while the Dolores of Swinburne over him with a real passion. he measures his six feet of stature again, and the Greekest thing in

"But it has come to this," mused richest young woman in England, if a blow for myself in the great battle

only a short one. He leads her into you guess what?" the conservatory by and by, and

"I am afraid to dance with you through the powder," thought Hal- sparkling drops.

"Oh!" says Lady Lucy, with a nerdread of husbands who are the pro- subtle odors of her garments envelop vous little laugh, "a broken bit of this end he would strive. And if sneering people called her, who re-

> "Not if it is the only piece of its has been made for it in the col-

prospects but such as are poor ones.

Lady Lucy shakes her head.

"A china shepherdess of my own." have to wait and work for years; but alone with her new bliss.

his folded arms. He is very well the bonds that dragged him, with I am afraid lest some clumsy blun- woman he adored how madly he at the other side of the leafy screen. bred, and he is proud of it; he is others, at the tail of her triumphant derer should chip a corner off you, or adored her-could never ask her to A woman was with him. Her face smash you into infinitesimal atoms, share his lot until he was so placed was plainly seen by Lady Lucy, smile. as to worldly circumstances that he though his was hidden-it was Lady could meet her on equal terms. To Banksia, "The Climbing Rose," as time should bring her another lover membered in how email a way she whom her heart turned to more had begun her magnificent career.

"Never!-never! I never could love anybody but-but you. And She had a coronet of diamonds and his own. He is steeped to the lips Lady Lucy is coming towards him, lector's cabinet will fit no other. what do I care for your worldly cir- sapphires, and a zone of the same in embarrassments, and if something on the arm of Sir Chauncy Bitt, the While I watch over you, at least, no cumstances?" the impetuous little jewels. Her exquisite arms were does not turn up must infalliby sell eminent Queen's Counsel. She is such risk shall be incurred. I am a woman cried. "Rich or poor, you are bare, and in the light her sleepy out and leave the Guards. Indeed, dressed as a china shepherdess, is true enthusiast. I would give my all the world to me, Halkett. And

> He knew, and knowing it he had her hands, and called himself happy. Ah! how full the heart of the china was inevitable; it has come to pass. riches, a true man loved her for her-"Let me have this one other dance, self. The true man gave her into a man! You give a woman a rival, look for Lady Banksia.

"Lady Lucy, you are ill, or faint!" "To part?" Lady Lucy turns wide, Halkett's-a plain, hard-working, might a Scotch pebble hope to outnections, and because of his rising got one-they are yours. I adore crash comes, and then society will a peer in reward for his oleaginous kett. It has only just occurred to genius. He looked gravely on the you, as I always have and always services to his Government, is the him. "Going to-to Canada, to strike poor little heiress. He knew Halkett will. It is a question of vvulgar cash, thoroughly, and guessed.

> in a childish voice. Her eyes were graces will kick the beam against ing an ignoble part. I have no plain, because of the great rapture fine words and a kiss or two." that had transfigured her.

"I will go and get you an ice," of the water plants."

She smiled at him gratefully, and black always suited you." moved by. She was svelte in figure, palms, and prepares to say-what whispers Halkett. "Ah me! I may he went on his errand, and left her

Broad leaves screened her from yellow of eye. "Only wanted black Cameron was always a good actor. and --- Why are you crying, dear the radiance of the electric lamps. A laughter came the sound of a kiss. marble nymph leaned by, with her Then the music of the band burst smiled, a smile more pitiful than chained. Andromeda-like, by un- cynic of her own sex had commented. sensitive little heiress, "the nug- To which Lucy answered with a finger to her lips; water gurgled by out again triumphantly, and they tears, and the carriage rolled away. But Tooly Too-who does not get," as needy gold-hunters have gulp: "Because you are-g-going refreshingly. She dipped her hand into the marble basin of the fountain, "How red her little nose shows and cooled her forehead with the

By J. T. Stevens

She was draped in some filmy, black tissue embroidered with silver stars.

Arthnr

eyes shone yellow as topaz. "So the die is cast, the plunge has been made. Am I to congratulate or to weep with you, my friend?"

"Neither," said Halkett; "the thing Let us both forget it, and be as we have been."

"'Be as we have been!' How like with complacency.'

"A rival! Lady Lucy a rival, and said the man, who was a cousin of of yours!" he laughed. "As well snub for the sake of his great con- know my heart and soul-if I have this marriage. I want money dread-"If I might sit down somewhere fully, so do you, so do most people; who has a great deal, and is ready

"You are really heartless, Halkett." "Who taught me to be so? What you have got?" come and sit down beside her as Banksia. How diabolically hand dance away together. The turn is shall be rich enough to have—can back you shall rest here in this little you have trodden the juice out of it little grimy face, lighting up proudly nook by the fountain in the shadow until it is as dry as a stockfish. Ah! how handsome you look to-night;

> "The color is especially appropriate just now."

They laughed, and through their went their way together. "Lady-Lady Lucy-Can she have

gone?" "I am here," said a voice John happen every day.

Camerou hardly recognized.

"Great God!" he broke out, as the light fell upon that white drawn face. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," she said with a wan

But he persisted. "You would not look as you look now if all were well with you. Ah! Lady Lucy, if you could only trust me! I am a nobody, as poor and insignificant as may well be, but I think I am worth trusting."

"If I would trust anybody it would be yourself. But I must bear the consequences of a great error, a blind piece of folly, in silence. And do not speak with contempt of poverty. Oh! if you only knew what a curse my riches have brought on me. Now please take me to my carriage, and tell the Duchess that I have gone home with a headache."

As they emerged from the hot glare of the house into the coolness of the night a lane of grimy Loudon stragglers opened to let them pass, and closed again behind them.

"My!" cried a shrill voice, "just look at the diamonds. Law's a me! Shouldn't I just be 'appy if I was

Lady Lucy turned with a sudden impulse, and dropped a plain little gold bracelet into the girl's eager hand.'

"My child," she said gently, "think before you wish that wish again. Have you a mother who loves you?"

"Yus, and a good 'un, if she is only a char-woman." "And perhaps you have-a sweet-

heart, who you-anything else that "Aye! There's Jim." said the

"and he's as true as steel." "Mother and lover-and I have neither. Remember that, next time

you wish to change with me-remember." The white face gleamed on John Cameron for an instant. Lady Lucy

Only a broken china shepherdess. Only a heart gathered, crushed and stricken to death. Such things

FIVE-THIRTY AT CHARING CROSS

TS awfully sweet of you to self at Charing Cross? come-and now you'll go, won't you?"

I must confess I felt surprised. I am used to my sister-in-law's peculiarities, but this last was somewhat beyond me.

"Go where?" I asked.

"To Charing Cross to meet Grace." "Who is Grace?" I asked.

Betty surveyed me severely, "Did

you read my letter?" "Of course. As a result, here I

"And yet you ask me who Grace Open confession is good for the

soul. "To be honest, I read three lines -- the three in which you invited me here. That was enough-I seized my hat and came."

Betty beamed and rang the bell. You will just have time for a cup of tea, then a taxi to Charing Cross."

three years at a convent school. Betty smiled ingenuously. "I spent four."

I collapsed. nation, so you can't miss her." "No." I answered gloomily, "I can't

miss her." Betty gave me an encouraging little pat on the back when I left. "I hope you'll enjoy yourself," she asked, as I held open the door. said; "and, mind, dinner at seven-

thirty." I said nothing. Betty is idiotic at

convent schools, when my eyes fell middle of the station and looking Grace-oh, dear, no, but a very pretty, stylish little Parislan lady,

I covertly watched her for a couple of minutes, then crossed to her side. "Can I be of any assistance?" I ventured to ask.

"First," I said, "what is Grace carefully. "I was looking for the tea-room," she said.

"And so was I." I suggested "I think you said she had spent brightly, "Shall we look together? Charing Cross is such an awful seven-thirty dinner, young ladies where the waiters are fatherly and place. I shall get lost."

"I have told her to wear a red car- a twinkle in her eyes, she looked at me demurely.

She raised her eyes. "For the teatimes. Did any one ever enjoy him- room? You must be hungry."

is when I go there. When the train came in I stood at the barrier and watched the passengers. I waited until the last had gone, and the ticket collector looked at me inprim and proper young lady with a red carnation. I turned away wearily. The platform was emptying. I began to anathematize Charing Cross and young ladies who come from upon a little lady standing in the around as if for someone. It wasn't

exquisitely gowned.

She regarded me for a moment

"Have you been looking long?" she

"For twenty-five years," I responded.

"No," I answered; "not for the tea-The station was packed; it always room." I left it at that, and selected to-day. The train even was only

a table apart from the others. It was over tea that I made my confession. She had just told me that she had come direct from Paris. waiting," I said. "I have been looking for a young lady who has spent three years in a too," she rejoined. quiringly, but there was no sign of a convent at some unpronounceable place, and I have missed her."

"Poor dear." I smiled. "Thank you," I said.

"I meant the poor girl, not you." "Oh!" I felt disappointed. "And come?" I have to take her back to my sisterthirty. What shall I do?"

"Drink your tea, or it will get cold."

"I shall have to go to the lostproperty office presently," I said. The girl smiled. "Shall I pour you out another cup?" she suggested.

"Please," I said. I did everything possible to prolong the meal. I think I succeeded fairly well. It was a quarter to seven when she said she must go.

Desperation seized rue. Betty, "Were you looking on the plat- four winds. "Look here." I said, form?" she asked. Albeit there was "let's go and have dinner some-

She looked at me, surprised, and "I was just going to," I answered. drew herself up. "I'm afraid not. she sailed up the restaurant with Strange, but we both walked As a matter of fact, I have some me. directly across to the tea-room, one waiting for me somewhere on the platform."

time," I said. "You'd like to come, wouldn't you?"

"It's horribly irregular," she expostulated.

"Everything's horribly irregular I agreed it was not. half an hour late."

"And you missed your friend." "And there are heaps of taxis

"But your sister-in-law is waiting

more than my life was worth. I don't be influneced by parents." shall be hanged for a lamb-let's make it a sheep. You'd like to ter," she interjected.

in-law's in time for dinner at seven: ing somewhere that she who hesi- choice." tates is lost. "That settles it," I said. "I know a delightful little res- girl?" taurant."

ful English with all the charm of this Miss from the convent, hoping the Parisienne. London, lighted up, delighted her. "You have been here before?" I said.

She smiled at me. "I was born in England," she said; "and, oh, I be absurd. You have known melove dear old London!"

Not for worlds would I divulge the name of the restaurant where I took her. It is a delightful little place, from convent, were scattered to the English. There is a sufficient spice the convent girl," she said. "I wonof naughtiness to make it interest- der what she is like?" ing. Its customers are the same, year in, year out.

The waiters bowed and smiled as nor girl."

We chose a secluded table.

Mam'selle Inconnue was an epi-"He won't have waited all this curean; she was also a delightful conversationalist-and it is not easy time." She glanced at a gold brace- you." to be both at one and the same time. let watch. "Yes," she said, over the soup; "I love Paris, but it is not London."

Over ices she began to tell me about herself; her people had packed her over to Paris, and now she was duced to some horrible prospective husband.

"I daren't go back without my little warmly. For some reason I hated ty for once." convent lady," I said. "It would be the unknown man. "My dear girl, "It isn't my parents--it's my sis-

"It doesn't matter who it is." I re- last act." She hesitated. I remembered read- joined. "Marry the man of your

"Would you do so if you were a

"Most certainly," I said. "Now, She chatted on the way in delight- my sister-in-law sent me to meet I should fall in love with her." "Poor boy! --- and you won't?"

"Not now, that I have met you" three hours."

"One can crowd a lifetime into three hours," I said ingenuously. Mam'selle Inconnue ignored my remark. "I should like to meet this lit-

"Ugly," I replied promptly. "At the awkward age-neither woman

Mam'selle Inconnue smiled. She was essentially a dainty little woman. Presently she sighed.

"What is the matter?" I said. "I must be going-just look at the

"Are you so sorry to go?" I said.

"You can't do anything of the sort. She nodded. "I've enjoyed myself tearful. "What will Betty say?"

immensely. It's been a great adven-

"A great adventure?"

"Yes. I don't know what you must coming back to London to be intro- think of me! Idiotic words rose to my lips, but she stopped them with the flow of her conversation. "But I fatuously. "It is too bad-monstrous!" I said wanted to be really downright naugh-

> "But you haven't been." I said. "You've only been very m tre-I forgot, we should only see the about London."

"No." said Mam'selle Inconnue. nue. "Then there is nothing for it but "What about the week in Paris?" to see you home," said I.

It was not until we were in the street and a stout commissionaire Betty," she pleaded. had hailed a taxi. "You must'nt come any further," she said, "it would to meet us. Where on earth have spoil everything."

"Then can't I meet you again?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Who you had missed one another." Mam'selle Inconnue smiled. "Don't knows? London is not such a big place, is it. She smiled at me pro- train was abominably late,"-there

"I will find you again, if I have to law's face-"so abominably late that walk every street. What address we went and had dinner before comshall I tell the man to drive to?" "No. 16, Ullswater Gardens," she answered.

I retained my senses sufficiently to tell the man. I hesitated, then, ed. just as the taxi started, jumped inside.

"You are horrid," said Mem'selie Inconnue. "You must get out at of friends, aren't we, Grace?"

"No," I answered firmly. "I am language she certainly never heard going to 16, Ullswater Gardens with at the convent school.

Mam'selle Inconnue looked almost although I've just spent \$500 on the

"She won't say anything unless it is because we're abominably late for dinner."

"What do you mean?" asked Mam'selle Inconnue.

"I'm your uncle-in-law," I said Mam'selle Inconnue looked at me

doubtingly. "You're the little lady fresh from rately a convent that I was sent to meet naughty. Now, if we went to a thea- cause she wouldn't know her way

"Oh, Lord," said Mtm'selle Incon-

I suggested. "For goodness sake, don't tell

Betty herself came into the hall

you been?" she said. She looked at us suspiciously. "I was afraid "Oh, dear no!" I said. "But the

ing on." "You might have telephoned me I've been worrying myself to death."

was still suspicion in my sister-in-

"Grace was too hungry," I explain-"Well, at any rate, you've had time to make friends with each other." "Rather," I said. We're the best

Mam'selle Inconnue assented in

Chapter II. Grace and I are still good friends.

DAUL REVILLE and Jean Ver- never exchanged a single word or be to have somebody to love and mous and popular actors in France, but they hated one another most cordially. They were both connected with the same theatre and

themselves on the stage. Reville's specialty was to play parts requiring dignity and style, while Vernier played the villain whose treachery was always revealed by

were both received with a storm of

applause every time they showed

the noble Reville. In their constant struggle to surside the theatre the two great artists himself: "How happy Reville must had been taken to a hospital.

nier were two of the most fa- took the slightest notice of one care for." another, and when people in the in Vernier's presence he shrugged Paris," and the principal parts of was one of his friends and admirers. was announced that Reville's conhis shoulders and said, with an ex- the schoolmaster and Prince Rudolfi The first performance was given dition was almost hopeless.

giving birth to a daughter. Whenever Vernier met Reville pass one another they produced art walking with his little daughter he ever, Reville failed to appear. He missing his rival, Reville. It ap- sat down on a chair at the bedside easier for me. I know that you will of such high excellence as had seldom always felt his heart softening had caught a heavy cold, which had peared to himself that he was a mere and said: "My poor, dear old miss me, though we have both tried been seen on any stage. Out- towards his rival, and he said to

THE

ragged villain. . his words.

see that Reville's acting had anything Reville. Vernier was furious. He scarcely make themselves believe the hospital and asked permission to world, with the exception of my child. to do with art, while Reville, on his hated his part so much more be- that it was the famous Vernier who see Reville. It was Vernier. The Do you remember when we played side, always referred to Vernier as cause while Reville as the prince played the villain. His acting was patient was half conscious, but as together in "For His Country"? "the clown" or "the buffoon." was sure to win the heart of every dull, and it seemed as if in places Vernier entered the room he raised And now it is all over. How many thing. Reville? I am all alone, and woman among the audience, he him- he did not even know his part. his head from the pillow and times haven't I seen you die on the a bachelor. Reville's wife had died self was sure to be hissed by the Every moment he stopped and whispered:

Another actor, therefore, took stir up his ambition. Reville's part, and everybody was Every newspaper in Paris criticized the enmity of many years vanished world"-The season was about to open with wondering how Vernier would treat Vernier's acting as far below his Playgoers' Club mentioned Reville Eugene Sue's "The Mysteries of the understudy, who, by the way, usual standard and simultaneously it

you, I knew you were coming."

developed into pneumonia, and he shadow and that the substance, friend." "Give me your hand, Vernier," thought that troubles me is that my

in this handshake.

"You don't know how happy it makes me to see you," Reville went back his tears as he said: on. "You are and always have been pression of contempt, that he did not had been given to Vernier and to a crowded house, but people could One day a gentleman appeared at more to me than anybody else in the here." shortly after their marriage, after gallery and pit as the dirty and seemed to be unable to remember "So it is you! I was waiting for me die here in real earnest. Yes, I in the world to make her happy. At one of the last rehearsals, how- As a matter of fact, Vernier was Vernier was deeply moved as he coming here to see me has made it

Reville said almost inaudibly, and little girl will be all alone in the

pillow, Vernier could hardly hold "Not alone, Revillet I am still

Reville's head fell back on the

"Will you really?" the dying man

asked with a smile of happiness. "How could you doubt such a I promise you to be a good father the stage! Now you come to see to your daughter. I will do anything know that the end is near, but your give you my sacred word of honor." Reville took his hand and his eyes

were full of tears as he said: "This is the happiest possible endto hate one another. The only ing to the drama of my life."

The next day Reville died.

Reville, was necessary to fan and